

### This I believe... Looks are not important

Leo Tolstoy once said, “It is amazing how complete is the delusion that beauty is goodness.” Looks were once extremely important to me, and sometimes they still are. However, I did not find myself beautiful. Often, I found myself feeling inferior, and when I looked into the mirror, I rarely liked what I saw. Putting these thoughts into words is like throwing my doubts and insecurities into my face, and so I try to be brave as I write this essay.

I always thought I was ugly, and that nothing about me was pretty. Ugly face, ugly hair, and the list went on. When I started thinking about my flaws, sometimes I could get so depressed, I would start to cry. However, what others saw was a cheerful and confident girl, the cover I fiercely clung on to, concealing my weak side from the rest of the world.

Years ago, there was a girl who disliked me. She drew a picture of a girl, and then wrote “Flat-face Priscillia” next to it. Though she did not circulate the drawing, she did show it to someone who told me about it. Apart from feeling hurt, I could not help but start to wonder if she was right, and that maybe I was hideous looking. From then, I started to be more and more self-conscious, until one day, I realized that I had lost faith in myself, and that my self-confidence was slowly draining away.

I used to get very sensitive when people talked about looks. Many times, when my family meets with friends or relatives, my younger sister will be complimented that she is getting prettier as she matures. Not too long ago, this would trigger a voice to ring in my head, screaming, “They didn’t say anything about you! Ugly you!” and I would feel very inferior and ugly. I felt so invisible, and I wondered why I was not born prettier. Even then, I knew I was being sensitive and silly, but I just could not help it. I often struggled with my own emotions as I tried to get myself to be more rational.

But as I mature, I start to believe that looks are not everything. Once, I confided in a very close friend about my insecurities, and that day, she saw me cry my heart out. She said to me, quoting from Dr. Seuss, “Those who mind don't matter, and those who matter won't mind.” That touched me, and I finally opened my eyes. That day, I hugged her and cried. She had made it very clear to me that my true friends and the family I love would not judge me based on my looks.

The line “Do I love you because you're beautiful, or are you beautiful because I love you?” from the musical, Cinderella, is one that strikes a chord in me. I, no matter what, am not ugly, as to my family and friends, I am beautiful like a rainbow.

Looks are not important, this I believe.